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The Carmel Pine Cone

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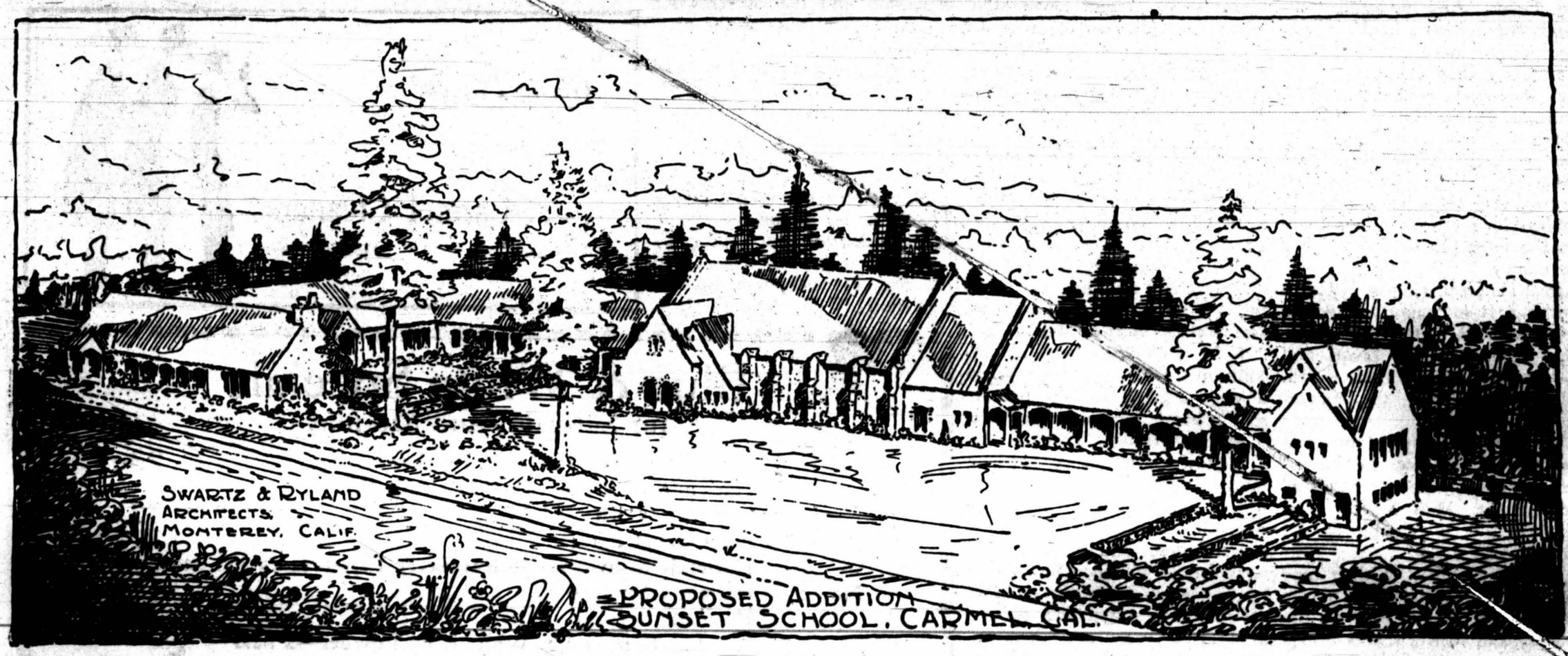

Proposed Additions Will Give Perfect School

In 1925 when the last piece of plaster had been laid and the Sunset school doors were opened, skeptics smiled. The building was far too big for Carmel. There would always be empty rooms—tombs to the failure of public education.

The first year there were 150 pupils enrolled. More than half a dozen private schools were in operation and twice as many tutors. Anyone who had money never thoubht of sending their children to Sunset school.

That was five years ago. Today there are 344 pupils enrolled—a remarkable increase of 50 per cent. Each of the six class rooms are crowded to capacity while one of the old class rooms has been condemned as "unfit" by the state department of education.

The school registration list reads like a page from Who's Who. Youngsters from millionaire parents at Pebble Beach, the children from famous authors and artists in Carmel and in the Highlands, form part of the student body. Their parents, despite the fact that they could possibly afford the best schools in the country, have realized that Sunset school ranks at the top as an educational institution.

Calling of the $75,000 bond issue election was decided by the school board when it became apparent that the enrollment of pupils had become so large that they could not be properly accommodated. With the expected registration increase next summer, unless additional class rooms have been constructed, pupils will have to be turned down.

With the money obtained from the bond issue four new class rooms will be constructed in addition to an assembly hall. According to Principal O. W. Bardarson, two of these class rooms will immediately be placed into use at the next semester.

At the present time, there is no room large enough for the purpose of gathering the pupils together in assembly. Construction of the assembly hall will provide for this need.

The new addition will be constructed right next to the present structure. It will not encroach on either of the playgrounds and none of the trees now in the school yard will be cut down.

Construction of the building would start probably during the summer vacation or a little before that. It will undoubtedly be ready for use when the next semester is opened.

The need of the addition to the school is imperative. "Unless the bond issue goes through and the addition is constructed," Principal Bardarson explains, "we are faced with a serious situation. We are at the present time hardly able to take care of the large enrollment. With an increase in pupils, we shall find ourselves with no place to put them. The addition means more to the welfare of the school and to the youngsters enrolled there, than can be imagined."

The bond issue does not include Carmel alone and consequently the additional tax would be a trifle. The school district covers Carmel, the Point, Pebble Beach, Carmel Woods and Hatton Fields.

BAD CHECKS JAIL CARMEL RESIDENT

Worthless checks circulated in Monterey and Pacific Grove resulted in Mrs. Nancy Martin, 23, Carmel resident and said to be well known as a professional rodeo rider, to be held to answer to the superior court this week by Judge A. M. Fitzsimmons of Pacifis Grove.

Mrs. Martin was arrested by Police Chief Sam Bashline when she attempted to pass a second bad check in a Pacific Grove department store. During her preliminary hearing Saturday, she testified on the stand that she had cashed the checks. She explained she and her husband were short of money and were unable to purchase any food.

DIVORCE FILED BY CARMEL WOMAN

A Stanford University romance went aground in the superior court at Salinas last week with the filing of a divorce complaint by Mrs. Gwendolyn Anne Stearns of Carmel against William F. Stearns. The couple married at the university campus on August 23, 1923 and separated on June 1, 1926.

Mrs. Stearns in her complaint charges that her husband wilfully and without cause deserted her. She seeks custody of an only child, Monteagle Stearns, six-year-old and $75 monthly alimony.

Fisherman Loses Life When Swept Off Rocks

The treacherous water of the Carmel Highlands claimed another victim last Monday afternoon when Vincent Cosgrave, 26, Watsonville clerk, was washed off the rocks to his death while his wife watched on helplessly.

Cosgrave had been fishing for some time on the rocks near Martin Flavin's home. Suddenly he was swept off by a terrific wave. He struggled for about ten minutes, yelling to his wife and to a companion, Cecil Shant, to help him.

According to other witnesses, it would have been impossible for Shant or anyone else to jump in and rescue Cosgrave. While a boat from Point Lobos was being sent out, Cosgrave went down for the last time.

Members of the Carmel volunteer fire department together with Police Chief Gus Englund in response to a call from the Highlands rushed to the scene of the tragedy. The body, however, was not recovered.

Cosgrave's wife, Helen Cosgrave, collapsed and was carried to her machine. This is the third similar drowning at the Highlands since the first of the year.

Young Kite Flyers Win Prize Awards

Carmel's first kite festival was a huge sucess. Despite a few stiff necks and a few disappointed hearts when the judges ruled several kites out, practically everyone who made up the large gathering, went home enthused over the tournament.

So tremendous was the interest of the youngsters and prominent Carmel citizens who supported the contest, that another similar event will probably be held in the future. The festival was sponsored by Rev. Willis G. White who planned and staged it.

The youngsters, many with their parents met in the afternoon at the Sunset school and then paraded up to Hatton Fields with Marshal Gus Englund and Mayor Herbert Heron at the head of the procession.

On arrival at Hatton Fields, the kites were spread on the ground and the judges carefully examined each one. Several kites were ruled out because too much work had been done by the father and very little by the child. Then the kites were sent up.

Some fell quickly to the ground. Others climbed higher and higher. Several of them reached such heights that only a tiny spot in the sky showed their location.

Teddy Marble won first price for the highest flying kite. A kite made by Harry Turner, Billy Turner and Joe DeAmaral won second price. The boys tied for

third prize, Don Staniford, Herschal Haines and Denny Cooper.

Charlotte and Jean May won first prize for the most attractive kite. Barry Flanders took second prize and Dick Tevis came in third.

First prize for the most unusual looking kite was taken by Jerry Neukirk while the second award went to Barry Flanders.

The judges had considerable difficulty in the selection of the best kite. Kevin Wallace's kite, however, was finally chosen as the winner. Arline Plein was given second prize.

What They Are Saying About the School Bonds

James French Dorrance, Hatton Fields; Any investment in bonds for needed school enlargement means more return for the community than can come from the "heaviest" gold bond. The younger Carmel generation deserves our unanimous backing of the proposed Sunset issue. We can vote "YES" with every assurance that those who hold the public-school purse-strings will get the most practical return for our money.

Paul Flanders, Hatton Fields;—Nothing is so important nor a better investment than education. The Carmel School Board and System have proven their worth. We should back the Sunset School to the limit.

Robert G. Leidig;—Our community is fortunate in having such capable citizens as Mrs. Schoeninger, Miss Kellogg and Mr. Bigland in charge of it's school work.

They have given of their time and thought to make the Sunset School one of the best in the country and such a school brings to our community the best families.

Let's show our appreciation for this splendid work by voting for the needed improvements.

I am for the bonds and will work to make the vote unanimous.

Preston W. Search;—I commend the call of our trustees for more money for the necessities of the Sunset School. Carmel is a city of ideals and of rapid growth. Only a few years ago it was a small place, of only young families, with few children in our school. Now it has sprung to a commanding place of residence, of developed families and augumented population, with needs peculiar to itself, and with assurances of rapid prospective growth crowding in upon us. In consequence we have not been prepared; we have not anticipated our needs are appearing all at once. We must protect the enviable reputation of Carmel—the interests of children in our homes and schools. We have an excellent board of trustees, supported by a large and devoted Parent-Teachers Association, who have united in consideration of wants. Our teachers are the very best; the children most enthusiastic and faithful in their work.

J. M. Culbertson and Ida A. Johnson;—We have been asked if we are going to vote for the school bonds, and our answer is most emphatically "Yes."

A town without a growing school population is a stagnant town, and Carmel is far from stagnant. Our school is already overcrowded, and without enlargement it will soon be entirely inadequate to house the children of school age that are coming in so fast. Why not, then, increase our accomodations while we can do it more cheaply than we can later?

Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson;—The need of the coming school bond issue is obvious. No one can contest the facts which face us at this election, that our school needs additional classrooms and an assembly hall which will accomodate not only the enrollment today, but the increase that each year brings us if our community is to grow. No one, even in our town of conflicting opinions, but is enthusiastic for the Sunset School and the high educational aims for which it stands. But let us remember that the ballot is no respecter of fine intentions—that we need a two-thirds majority of all votes cast, and that the most hearty approval which does not follow through to the polls is almost as damning to the cause as the vote of the opposition. Support the Sunset School with your vote!

Louis Levinson;—I am greatly interested in seeing the School Bonds passed by a big vote March 17th. First, because I have three children in the lower grades in Sunset School, and realize the urgent need of more class rooms to take care of future expansion and the overcrowded condition that exists at the present time.

Second, being engaged in business in Carmel, I can appreciate how essential adequate educational facilities are to the healthy growth of any community.

Dene Denny;—Certainly I shall vote for the school bonds. There is no argument at all against adequate space for study and play, proper equipment and the best of instruction for the education of the children. It is as obvious a necessity as roads, electricity, sewers, and all that is taken for granted in the normal growth of Carmel that we have chosen for our homes.

After spending the week end with friends in San Jose, Miss Mary Wheldon and Miss Florence Edler have returned to their homes in Carmel.

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	Hacienda Shrimp	19c
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	Wheaties	11c
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	Franco-American Spaghetti 2 for	15c
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3 Lbs.	Pink Beans	17c
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10 Lbs.	Sugar	45c
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Council Delays Paving Project Until Fall

Carmel's famous colored pavement blushed and turned red, became blue from anger, went white as it fainted and finally faded completely out of the picture at least until next fall, at a meeting of the city council Wednesday night.

For an hour the council, in whispers heard not beyond the sacred railing, discussed back and forth the fate of the paving of the village's business district. Then Mayor Herbert Heron, leader of the "blacks," raised up his hand and announced to the populace that the paving program would be delayed until next fall.

But the temporary knockout of colored pavement was not effected without colorful protests from the ringside. Words came from every direction, cold water was thrown bucket by bucket. But, alas, the pavement was dead for the time being. It could not be revived.

Even the stinging pins thrown by John Bathen, failed to shake the paving program from its stupor. Said Mr. Bathen to the council:

"I think the trouble in all the arguments over the selection of pavement lies in the fact that two of the largest property owners are members of the city council. It is my suggestion that the council should have sought consultation with the Advisory Board."

Mayor Heron repeated with blows from left to right. Said Mr. Heron to Mr. Bathen:

"It is fortunate that two persons are interested enough in the progress and welfare of Carmel to see that its artistic values are not ruined by laying ordinary pavement."

The occasion also called for additional mention and Councilman John B. Jordan said to Mr. Bathen:

"I have made many improvements on my Pine Inn property. I prefer to lose an entire summer season's profits than to have black, death-like pavement placed around my hotel. I would like something harmonious put in. I am against paving half the city white and the other half black."

Philip Wilson then jumped into the ring and with strong body blows said Mr. Wilson to Mr. Jordan:

"Every time we come up here, the paving is delayed and delayed. On each occasion that I prepare to put up my building, I find that the action on paving my street is postponed. A few weeks ago it was too early to start paving, now it is too late and will interfere with the summer season. Are we just being kidded or are the streets really going to be paved?"

Mayor Heron, speaking for the board, said to Mr. Wilson:

"Mr. Jordan asked for the delay on the grounds that we have not obtained final figures on the type of pavement which we have agreed on; we are not certain this will be the best type for Carmel in the long run and if we start now it is not certain that the work will be finished before the summer season starts."

Says Mr. Wilson to Mr. Heron:

"How about hearing some of the paving men. The property owners don't know anything but what the council tells us."

Several of the paving salesmen gave brief talks on their type of material. Stanley Chapman, representing the cement interest, said that he would be willing to lay free of charge six feet of colored tinted cement paving any place in the ctiy for the purpose of inspection. Wilson urged the council to accept his suggestion and a sample of the cement work will probably be laid within the next few weeks.

The matter of locating a garage and salesrooms by M. J. Murphy at Sixth and Torres was postponed until the following meeting next Wednesday.

Protest against the delay in installing a sewage system on Mission street was again made by property owners. Plans for the work, however, are now being drawn and a report will soon be made to the council.

Mrs. Katharine Edson of Carmel Woods asked for permission to connect up with the city sewer system. The matter was put over for another week but the council indicated that her petition would undoubtedly be refused in view of the fact that she is out of the city limits and out of the sanitary district.

HOSPITAL ADDITION IS NEARLY READY

The Wiborg foundation, new addition to the Monterey hospital, is nearing completion and will be ready soon for installation of equipment. The building will house a laboratory for biological research. It was donated by Mrs. Sidney Fish of Carmel Valley in memory of her father, and when finished will represent an expenditure of $10,000. M. J. Murphy is doing the general construction work.

AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday next is set apart for the usual bi-monthly celebration of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion at the Carmel Community Church. The "Service Beautiful" is again seen at its best in the ritual of this most ancient rite. Visitors and members are all cordially invited to participate. We must not forget that participation is both a privilege and an obligation.

Advance notice is here given of the forthcoming Musicale for the 8th of March. "Tone Poems and Tone Pictures." Complete announcement next week.

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Coats are lower this year . . . so we present the same fine models as always . . . but at much lower prices

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Big Scores Mark Games of Abalone League

By Winsor Josselyn

Too many birthdays for Mr. G. Washington last Sunday resulted in circus baseball up there on the sidehill diamond. The first game saw the incredible figures of twenty-seven for the Tigers, against a lonely one for the cellar-retaining Shamrocks. The second found the Giants get ten runs and the Rangers three. And considerable went on in the doing. Tigers now lead the League, Giants second, Rangers third and Shamrocks still farther away.

To O'Banion Handley went individual honors for scoring and hitting with six times at bat and six hits and five runs as a result. Pretty good for a little fellow trying to stagger along in this harsh world. Charlie Frost and Doc Finley and Captain Don Hale trailed far behind with their measly four runs apiece. Mister Franklin Murphy, the Shamrock pitcher, stated "If I had thrown two balls every pitch I couldn't have seen more things go back by me. In all my twenty years of baseball, I never saw its equal."

Aside from minor rioting in the bleachers, the audience had a swell time, and the noticeable improvement in garb and culture has given polo players something to come and see in their off hours. No more overalls and slouch hats. Flannels and derby bowlers, with here and there a spat. This naturally reacts on the players, and their uniforms and language have turned definitely for the better.

Regretfully though we do so, we tabulate the scandalous figures.

Tigers

	AB	H	R
Frost, ss	6	5	4
Hale, p	6	6	4
Godwin	6	5	2
Youngman, c	6	3	1
Handley, 3b	6	6	6
(read 'em again)			
Finley, rf	6	4	4
Bechdolt, sf	6	1	1
Taylor, 1b	5	3	2
Renzel	5	2	1
Gottfried	6	5	2
Totals	58	40	27

Shamrocks

	AB	H	R
Godwin, H, ss	3	1	0
Alderson, 3b	3	2	0
Bardarson, c	3	1	0
Henderson, cf	3	2	0
Masten, H, rf	3	1	0
Morris, lf	3	2	1
(there's the whole tally)			
Murphy, p	3	1	0
Josselyn, T, 2b	4	2	0
Staniford, lb	3	2	0
Wyckoff, cf	2	1	0
Totals	30	15	1

In the second riot, there was not so much scoring, but there was no lack of action. Some deplorable fielding was witnessed, mainly by the Ranger captain. He simply was not there, and was told as much by interested relatives and friends. The Giants played chunky ball and deserved the victory. Not that the Rangers are fading out; they simply had a complication of conditions, and ex-big leaguer Homer Keyoe, watching from the sidelines, stated emphatically that not even the champion Athletics could have run the gauntlet and survived.

These teams, which had contributed much of their manpower to the earlier game, were nicely balanced for a couple of innings, and then somebody of the Giants slammed and kept on slamming the tomato until five runs landed in the third inning, giving them what is known as a swell edge. Downcast but not downhearted, the Rangers fell front but not far enough front to get ahead. Never again did they surge to the lead, and when the ambulance carted away the remains of these athletes, there was little left to salvage.

May we scatter some geometry here below for your approval?

Giants

	AB	H	R
F. Godwin, p	4	3	3
Alderson, f	4	1	1
Hilbert, lf	4	4	3
(including a home run)			
Masten, R, 2b	4	3	2
Warren	4	0	0
Slipner, ss	4	3	2
Van Riper, c	4	2	0
T. Josselyn, 2b	3	2	0
Van Riper, H, 1b	3	0	0
Masten, H, sf	3	1	0
Totals	27	19	11

(it adds to eleven runs but says ten)

Rangers

	AB	H	R
H. Godwin, ss	3	2	2
W. Josselyn, cf	3	1	0
Henderson, c	3	0	0
(slightly damaged results)			
Handley, lf	3	1	1
Schweninger, p	3	2	0
Marble, 2b	3	1	0
Bechdolt, sf	3	0	0
Thompson, 3b	3	0	0
Staniford, rf	2	0	0
Heavey, lb	2	0	0
Totals	28	7	3

That's all there is, but is history to stop here? No—not if the world keeps on spinning, and we invite you and you and you up there for the games next Sunday afternoon. Come and see for yourself the many marvels of Abalone athletes in full regalia and headway.

Miss Valorie Huff of San Francisco is spending several days in Carmel as the guest of Moira Wallace in her home on the Point.

* * *

After spending the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hyde, in their home on Monte Verde Miss Betty Hyde returned to Stockton, where she is attending the College of the Pacific.

"Hi-Tide"

This is the appropriate name of an attractive home on the west side of San Antonio street and offering lovely view of the entire coast line. Home consists of seven rooms—almost completely furnished—gas floor furnace, gas range and electric water heater. Average rental income on this home should be about $800 per year.

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"To the Carmel Dairy, sir," she said.
(She is not the only one . . . there are others!)

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CARMEL DAIRY MILK SHAKES 15c
(shaker holding 2 glasses)

SUPER-SANDWICHES 15c
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HOT CHOCOLATE 15c
(2 cups, plus all the whipped cream you want)

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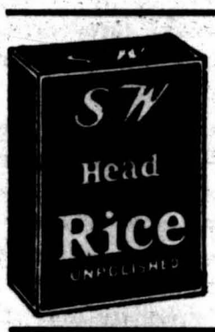

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HOLIDAY CROWDS WAKE UP VILLAGE

Aroused from its winter Rip Van Winkle sleep by hundreds of strangers who thronged the village on the three-day Washington's birthday celebration, Carmel this week crawled back into its shell for another short nap before the summer season.

All hotels in the village reported capacity registration and Ocean avenue on Sunday and Monday was a mass of cars and people. It appeared more like an old Roman holiday than the mere observance of the anniversary of the birth of Washington.

It was estimated that over 10,000 people were on the Monterey peninsula. Many of them were at Del Monte but they always apparently must drop into the village before going home.

Except for the crowds, always noticeable by their big-city garments, and the flags on the streets, there was no evidence that a holiday was in progress. The local schools as well as those in other parts of the peninsula had regular sessions on Monday, despite long absentee lists.

Many stores in Carmel were kept open, except for several groceries and the banks. The postoffice was closed all day, following the early morning delivery of mail.

TWO INJURED IN VALLEY CAR CRASH

Earl Van Zant of Oakland and Miss Nalda Floan of Salinas were injured last Friday in the Carmel valley road when their machine collided with a car driven by Samuel Cohen of Watsonville.

According to Officer Leo Ramsey, who investigated the crash, Cohen was leaving the four-way stretch two miles east of the Van Zant machine, which was coming up the hill. Both Van Zant and Miss Floan suffered cuts and bruises.

CARMEL WOMAN HURT IN CRASH

Mrs. C. Abercrombie, well known Carmel resident, was this week recovering from injuries suffered last Sunday afternoon when the car she was riding in, crashed with a machine driven by F. Webster of San Mateo. The accident occurred at Eighth and Carmelo streets. Mrs. Abercrombie was in an automobile operated by Helen Rosencrantz. According to Police Chief Gus Englund who investigated the accident, Mrs. Abercrombie was not seriously injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Minard have returned to their home in San Jose after being the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wheldon in their home on San Carlos street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. TenWinkle of San Francisco are spending several days in Carmel. They plan to have a permanent residence here when their new home on San Antonio is completed.

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with a guarantee
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STELLA'S DRY GOODS STORE
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AUTHORIZED
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CORD AND AUBURN
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Park Garage
Fred Rutschow, Proprietor
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JUNIPERO AND OCEAN
Next to Lynn Hodges' Stables

World Famous 'Cellist Concert Attraction

Gregor Piatigorsky, concert 'cellist, comes to the Carmel Theatre as the next offering of the Carmel Music Society on the evening of March 10.

With Gregor Piatigorsky the violoncello has come into the limelight. He has proved to audiences from New York to San Francisco, just as he had previously done in Europe, that his instrument can be "as brilliant and sensitive as the violin, as thrilling as the piano, as rich as the human voice." His first American tour duplicated his Continental triumphs. In three months he played thirty-one concerts, including appearances with the Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras.

Piatigorsky, who is known abroad as the "Russian Casals" was born on April 20, 1903, in Jekaterinoslaw. His first instrument was the violin which he studied in the home of his father. Soon, however, he discovered that the 'cello interested him far more than the fiddle and he decided to concentrate on the latter. His talent was so remarkable that his fame spread and Gregor Piatigorsky, scarcely fifteen years old, found himself engaged as first 'cellist by the Imperial Opera at Moscow. Besides playing at the opera, he was a member of the string quartet of the Moscow Conservatory and frequently appeared as soloist. His teacher during this period was the late Alfred von Glehn, who in turn has been a pupil of the famous Davidoff.

The revolution came and with it, terrible times for artists. Finally, conditions grew so bad that there was only one thing possible—escape from the starvation and depression of his native land. Finding his way to Berlin Piatigorsky entered a competition for position as first 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic under Wilhelm Furtwaengler and won. Almost over night subscribers to the Philharmonic concerts found a new man at the first seat of the 'cello section. A few weeks later critics began to write in ecstatic terms of the "wonder 'cellist."

Piatigorsky's rise now was meteoric. Engagements from all over Europe poured in upon him. Furtwaengler selected him as one of his ten soloists for the season 1926-27, and in 1928-29 engaged him to play the Brahms' monumental double concerto with Carl Flesch, the violinist. Piatigorsky's time was soon so taken up with solo engagements that he asked to be released from playing with the orchestra.

Piatigorsky is blessed not only with an enchantingly beautiful tone and a superb power of interpretation, but also with a prodigious memory which enables him to add the most difficult new compositions to his repertoire within an incredibly short time. Also, in his personal relations he evinces a charm, a whole heartedness, and a loyalty to friends which endears him to all who come in contact with him.

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DONAHUE TO PLAY HAMMOND PIANO HERE

Since the day of the harpsichord inventors have been trying to make an instrument that would allow the performer to increase and decrease at will a tone after it has been played. It is just this thing that the invention of John Hays Hammond Jr., has added to the piano. And it is this piano which Lester Donahue, celebrated pianist, plays in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Tuesday next, March 3.

Very often an invention is introduced by one who is not himself the finished artist, the skilled craftsman, the flawless technician, the sensitive creator. When one has all of these combined in one, as in Lester Donahue, there is the double interest of hearing the great artist and measuring at the same time the value of the invention. The invention itself is of great significance. It consists of a fourth pedal, which works shutters which are placed above and below the sounding board, giving increased volume and making it possible to increase the tone after it has been produced. What else it does, how it operates, and how the piano is constructed can best be answered by "Come and See." The intimate Gallery will afford an especially fine opportunity to its audience to investigate and become familiar with this "piano of the future."

It was in 1925 that Donahue introduced this tonal pedal of John Hays Hammond Jr., first playing it as soloist with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia and New York and also in a record tour of ten appearances with this same famous organization. Following this, Donahue has played with most of the greater symphonies of Europe and the East. This month shows the first appearance of this piano west of Chicago. Donahue played last week with tremendous success in Los Angeles and plays this week in San Francisco, preceding his recital in Carmel next Tuesday. The program is the same in each case, opening with the Bach Chaconne, a group of Debussy, the DeFalla "Andatuza," a group of more modern English, including Ireland's "Island Spell," and closing with Griffes' "White Peacock," and Liszt's "Sposalizio" and "Liebestod."

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD FOR RESIDENT

Funeral services were held last week for Miss Agnes E. Collins of Carmel who died suddenly at her home at Fourth and Lincoln streets. She was 79 years old and had been a resident of the village for some 10 years. She was well known here and took an active interest in the various affairs of the village.

Mrs. Emilie Walters of Oakland spent the week end in Carmel as guest of her daughter, Miss Emily Walters, and her son-in-law, Jack Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hardy of San Francisco, who are very well known here in Carmel, spent several days here last week.

Announcement
Removal of Real Estate & Insurance business from Las Tiendas Building to the office formerly occupied by the Carmel Investment Company on Ocean Avenue.
Mrs. Douglass will handle rentals through this office as usual.
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Good Acting Found in Behrman's Play

"The Second Man" in its Carmel presentation last week-end turned out to be more than a second-rate comedy. It was undoubtedly one of the best plays staged here in some time.

S. N. Behrman's lines were clever—re-freshened with a light touch of sophistication. There were only four roles, each as difficult as the other. Yet Gloria Stuart, Galt Bell, Fred Blanchard and Sallie Jaggar carried them out well.

The comedy travels with speed, humor and splendid situations. In scene two of act two, the play takes a downward course that almost leads to its disaster. It is saved in the third act—but the rescue is neither heroic nor spectacular.

The play revolves around Clark Story, an author who realizes that money is easier to obtain by marrying wealth than by writing, and Austin Lowe, a chemist who is a millionaire, but whose analytical armor has been penetrated by love. Galt Bell, who directed the comedy, takes the part of Story while Fred Blanchard is the love-worn scientist.

Sallie Jaggar as Monica Grey is in love with Story but is engaged several times during the three acts to Austin Lowe. Story is in love with Monica, but for pecuniary reasons, including the need of champagne and a trip to Naples, prefers Kendall Frayne whose part is acted by Gloria Stuart.

The comedy, as we said before, progresses quite nicely until act two. The situations so far have been cleverly worked out. The development is unique. But the playwright has found that he has placed his characters in such a predicament that only the finest and most experienced technique can get them out.

A climax is essential. Monica's love for Story must be shown in some sensational way. He resorts to a hack-writer's method and Monica announces to all: "I am the mother of his (Story's) unborn child."

Those lines at Friday's night audience were like a damp cloth thrown on a hot stove. It was indeed a climax—but one that, in our opinion, smelled of Hollywood. We wonder what film Behrman saw the day before he wrote scene two of act two? Was it one of Elinor Glyn's?

Fortunately, Behrman is gifted with the power to present lucid lines. The third act presses the play back into shape, the situations are also finally straightened out and a good time was had by all. But the odor of the damp cloth on the stove could still be smelled as we walked out of the theater.

BRAVO, SECOND MAN!

By Thomas Vincent Cator

The large audience present at the Carmel Playhouse last Sunday night listened to the players with a silent attentiveness that bespoke absolute appreciation. And well they might, for entirely aside from the breezy and clever situations in S. N. Behrman's delectable little comedy, the parts were handled by Gloria Stuart, Galt Bell, Fred Blanchard and Sallie Jaggar with fidelity of expression as well as ease and convincingness in character delineation.

After having witnessed Galt Bell's performance in the Sea Gull, it was astonishing indeed to see him make such a complete metamorphosis as that necessary to reveal the bland nonchalance called for in the role of Clark Story, a role which carries the burden of the action and dialogue in The Second Man.

As the scientist who could solve equations, but was not glib enough to attract the girl of his fancy with his love making methods, Fred Blanchard gave us a stage image that was clear and precise, thought out imaginatively and given over the footlights with fidelity in continuity—a characterization which must have impressed the audience with its seeming genuineness.

The female parts were less exacting but were well cast. Gloria Stuart, a very versatile actress, with delightful repression and restful manner preserved a certain dignity that was distinctly suitable to the wealthy young widow, Kendall Frayne. And Sallie Jaggar gave a portrayal of the young romantic girl, Monica Grey, which was noteworthy for its lifelike dimensions. It would have been easy for her to have over-emotionalized.

The stage setting, lighting, and props were all that they should have been. And good direction was much in evidence.

Spanish Singer Wins Warm Applause

By Thomas Vincent Cator

Since Carmel and Monterey were founded by the Spanish, and the influence of Spanish tradition still clings strongly to them, it is not surprising that the recital of Luisa Espinel, booked as a lyric-diseuse, should have drawn an unusually large crowd to the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Saturday evening. I noticed quite a few from Monterey, like Mr. and Mrs. Carmel Martin, who are lineal descendants of the founders of this state.

Espinel is an unusually gifted artist. She is endowed with a physical appearance that is good to look upon—rather tall, slight, lithe, with a face that is both animated and intelligent. Her eyes are perhaps her finest feature, and they can be either languid or sparkling with the fires of Spain according to her artful mood variations. When she walks I am reminded of the words of a song: "She moves like the soft breezes playing, Her voice is the lilt of guitars."

And that is exactly what her voice reminds me of—guitars. Shibley Boyes, who accompanied her, is a fine pianist and gave her the finest kind of support on the Steinway. But in this particular instance I kept wishing for guitars, and especially when she sang the "La Tana" with the aid of castanets which she handled splendidly.

Espinel has not a great singing voice by any means. But she knows how to impart a sort of seductive quality to it that expresses her Spanish folksongs. And she certainly has a beautiful speaking voice. In fact, I don't know that I have ever heard one more to my liking. I could not help thinking what a world-beating Carmen she would make if she only had the singing voice for it. With her other attainments she would have been dazzling in that role. There are some very lovely tones in her voice at that. But she does not depend upon vocalism in putting over her songs.

Each song number was introduced by the giving of a brief synopsis of the little story, and both remarks and songs were received with decided warmth and enthusiasm.

The program was divided into four parts. First came "Ancient Ballads of the Spanish Moors." There were just two of these. The second one titled "El rey que perdio Alhama," (The king who lost the Alhambra) was most effective. In the second group, which consisted of Folk Songs of the North, we were introduced to a different "La Paloma," and a very appealing one. The third group was made up of Songs of Our Southwest. One was a song of Arizona, one of New Mexico and one of California. That of Arizona was called "Tus lindos ojos," (Your beautiful eyes) and was a fine melody. The song of California, "Delgadina," was dramatic, and the artist did it with imagination and feeling.

Of the final group I have already mentioned "La Tana." The second number of this series was "Tus ojillos negros," (Your little black eyes) with music by the distinguished modern Spanish composer, de Falla. Here was the most memorable thing on the program from a musical standpoint. A truly inspired song.

The artist won her way completely into the hearts of her hearers and was recalled several times at the close of the program.

Mrs. Marie Stewart of San Francisco is spending several days in Carmel as the guest of Miss Jean McCarthy.

* * *

Miss Mary Rath of Pasadena who is now attending Stanford spent the week end visiting friends in Carmel.

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BRAIN WAVES *from* STATION KRML

By Winsor Josselyn

Hats Off

The Carmel Yacht Club's great contest for a Club Hymn has come to a riotous close. "Nautical But Nice" is the name of the choice bit of musical history created before our very eyes. Second choice was "Nice But Nautical," but some of the more tepid members objected on the grounds that it was too suggestive.

We do hope you will learn all the verses and not mumble your words. Mumbling is the curse of hymn-singing.

* * *

Left-Handed

"Charlie, were you invited to our barn dance tonight?"

"No, I haven't even heard of it."

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that if you were invited you weren't to come. It's called off on account of rain."

* * *

No Cash Value

A recent newspaper ran headlines to the effect that a horse show fire in Oakland had taken the lives of four men and sixty horses. It said that the loss in animals and equipment was over $300,000. No tabulation of man-value was given.

* * *

Great Tidings

Captain J. Arthur Whiteside, of the sloop Pontiac, arrives with news from Alta California. He tells us that Alcalde James Rolph, of the settlement of Yerba Buena, has been elected Gobernador de Alta California.

This is indeed good news. Also good is the tale of the Captain's escape from hostile Indians on the return from Monterey last summer when he had put into our port to announce Alcalde Rolph's determination to reach the honored position he now holds. On that return trip he was forced into Half Moon Bay to replenish his water casks after thirty-seven days of tornado, and was attacked by a band of natives belonging to the Artichoke Tribe.

The Captain and his loyal followers put up desperate resistance. Outnumbered, they were overwhelmed and taken in cages to the tribal headquarters, where torture was averted only by an act of providence. Princess Charlotte interceded on their behalf and their lives were spared, even as Pocahontas saved Captain John Smith and his men. So deeply grateful was Captain Whiteside that he married Princess Charlotte with great pomp and native splendor, and at the climax of the wedding the Chief of the Artichokes told for the first time that the Princess was a white woman adopted by the tribe as a babe and raised as one of them.

Mrs. Whiteside accompanied the Captain on the present trip. They will anchor tomorrow morning after a bear barbecue on the beach tonight. The Captain confides to us that Gobernador Rolph hopes to establish a summer capital in Monterey, and undoubtedly this will mean that during his forty or fifty years in office he will frequently be seen upon our tree-shaded avenues.

* * *

Ominous

Professor Schweninger, S. I., has nothing to say this week.

* * *

On The Way

The dramatic history of Carmel is the history of Carmel itself. A wealth of perishable legend is ours for the asking, but unless we step up and embalm said legend in permanent words it will fritter away and die with us. So there is going to appear in print a section having to do with epochal moments backstage and onstage and whatnot else.

For instance, the time when Doctor Kibbler was Alpoco the Indian Chief in Newberry's Serra Pageant. The dignified Doctor had the task of trying to burn up an Indian princess who had angered him, and every night he would snatch up a blazing faggot and rush toward the trembling Princess, who in private life was Mrs. Pudan. The instant the Doctor grabbed the torch, it would start to go out. Half way across stage it invariably did go out, making the cry, "Ye weaklings, give me the torch!" a bit pointless. But the Doctor, truly an actor, always topped the trouble and drew big applause.

It was in the same show that Fred Bechdolt, as Serra the Sacred, was blessing his converts who passed before him during an afternoon tabloid for the movies. "Bless you, my children," he said, and just then a stray pup ambled into the scene and began industriously sniffing at Bech's shins. Would the good Father urge the dog away with his foot, and meanwhile go on benignly waving a hand and giving words of sweetness and light? Would and did. And the dog, entering the spirit of things, barked gleefully.

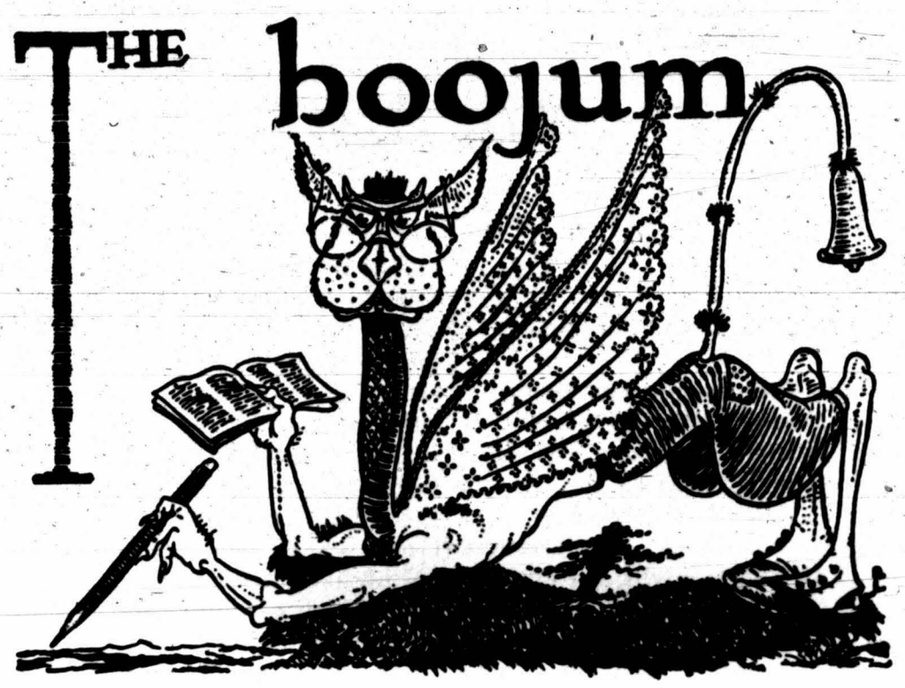
Well, of course the Padre couldn't very well shove a dog around right in front of the camera's eye, but he could mingle cuss words with blessings. Had it been a sound picture of today, the results would have been interesting. As it was, when the pictures were shown they revealed great restraint in Serra's footwork, but they also showed some words being shot from the corner of the mouth down toward that pup's annoying, fat body.

Dogs have always worked in our shows. And cats. A chapter in themselves.

* * *

A Thought

So do I—and soda water.



Work, according to the Boojum's everyday philosophy, is in undodgeable evil, like those wandering pilgrims who stop to ask where the So-and-Sos live and what the heck street is this anyhow. Long since, when he made the painful discovery that checks from home and perpetual motion were not synonymous, the Boojum made the best adjustment he could to certain elementary facts. He went to work. He dug ditches and paved streets. He tamped railway ties and took tickets at a small town movie. He delivered papers, whistle-punked in logging camps, painted houses, drove trucks, repaired bicycles, taught school, wallowed in fish gurry, and narrowly escaped posing in the altogether before a mixed class of aspiring artists. At last he reached pinnacles of glory by becoming a cub reporter on a metropolitan daily, only to be ignominiously fired within the year.

At all of these jobs, and others, the Boojum worked hard, mindful of the sacred dictum that it is hard work and faithfulness to duty that makes presidents out of millions of office boys. And he learned, if he learned anything, that money is not earned save by the sweat of the worker's brow. Crime and politics and market speculation he wisely left to those better equipped than he, consoling himself with the thought that there is more satisfaction in a dollar honestly earned.

Now comes bitter disillusionment. A story, with variations, is going the rounds of Carmel with such grim persistence that the Boojum suspects that others beside himself are filled with teeth-gnashing self-reproaches. It seems, according to one version, that an Oakland woman remarked to her bridge guests as she passed cigarettes, "I wonder why they call them Camels." Her nine-year-old son, who had been waiting all his life for just such an opportunity, retired to his study and immersed himself in deep thought. After a time he sprang from his chair, presumably crying, "Eureka!" and trotted on his bright little feet to the bridgers.

"I know, Mumsy," said the great intellect. "In the old days camels carried the wise men; now the wise men carry Camels."

"How cute, how sweet, how quaint, cried the guests, "Why, Mrs. Smith, you ought to have Sonny send that to the What's-their-name Tobacco Company."

But Sonny was enterprising, a man of deed as well as thought, and he sent it in himself, with the coy suggestion that if they liked it they might send him a carton of cigarettes. (This seems to be a weak point in this version of the story, but the Boojum assumes that the cigarettes were to be given to his Mumsy and his daddy dear.) In due time or less there arrived an unbelievable quantity of cigarettes and a check for a cool five grand, which is to say, five thousand dollars ($5,000). This for a quip of some fourteen words.

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Another version of the story has a wealthy Piedmont inventor for the quipster, another a struggling Berkeley student, another—But why go on? The Boojum prefers the nine-year-old boy anyhow. There is, after all, a certain sour satisfaction in defeat, and the more crushing the defeat the greater the satisfaction. Not that there was any contest, but the child prodigy was, in a very real sense, a free-lance writer, since he submitted an unsolicited aggregation of words in the hope of reward. He is therefore kin to the hundred and some million Americans who write, try to write, think they could write if they would, or intend some day to write. That many citizens, then, will feel beaten at their own game, when they hear about it, and will dutifully try to smile good wishes through their tears.

The Boojum, and others of his acquaintance, sit hunched over their battered typewriters many hours every day for half a year at a time, and in the end produce an aggregation of words which may bring nothing and may bring a few hundred or a thousand dollars. And a nine-year-old boy (the Boojum insists on that point) writes a wise-crack about a cigarette, with results that make of Carmel writers a sadder bunch.

"In the old days camels carried the wise men . . "

The Boojum knows what is coming now when a long-faced Carmelite drops in of an evening or hails him disconsolately on the street. But he has had enough and is not to be cornered. When time has somewhat dulled the bitter-sharp edge of his disillusionment, and when others are beginning to forget their sorrow, then he may emerge from his hiding. Otherwise he will not be seen for a long time to come, unless he be driven forth by the necessity of buying a new typewriter ribbon.

The Studio Murder

OR THE ART OF CUT-THROATING

by Herbert Cerwin

CHAPTER ONE

It was one of those misty mornings when the servants broke into the room of her two-thousand dollar a month apartment in Beverly Hills and found Sonia, her throat cut, lying on the floor. Nearby was a pocket knife.

Sonia was at the height of her career as a moving picture star. Clear across the country, as the servants called for the police, her name was glittering in lights over dozens of theatres. Who had done this terrible deed? Who, indeed, had shut those eyes that had broken many a heart?

The police arrived.

"Clear the room," Sergeant Reilly ordered and turned to one of the detectives. "Another star knifed, eh? Third one this year found with her throat cut."

"Don't get impatient," put in the detective. "This is only the second month of the year."

Sergeant Reilly picked up the knife and examined the finger prints. "Know these, Bert?" he asked, showing them to the detective.

"Sure," said the detective, taking a plug of tobacco in his mouth. "Them prints belongs to Joe French, Sonia's film director."

"H'm," growled the sergeant. "So he's been doing the cut-throating, eh? We better pay him a visit."

CHAPTER TWO

The mist was getting thicker, as well as the plot, when Sergeant Reilly arrived at Director French's home. No one answered them. Finally they broke down the door.

On the floor, lay the handsome director . . . his throat slashed from ear to ear.

"H'm," commented Sergeant Reilly picking up the bloody knife. "Take a look Bert. Whose finger prints are these?"

The detective took another bite of tobacco. "Them belong to Dick West, the film supervisor."

A half hour later, they found Dick West, sitting on his desk, his head buried in his arms. A knife was sticking out from his back.

"Poor Dick, he always said he was going to get it in the back," Sergeant Reilly declared. "But this is getting bad, three knifings in one day."

"Bad?" replied the detective. "Why this ain't nothing. You ought to remember the 200 killings we had when the talkies came in."

"Yeah," said the sergeant and pulled the knife out from the supervisor's back. "Get an eyefull of this, Bert. Whose finger prints this time?"

The detective took another mouthful of tobacco. "They belong to Haig Wiley, the general manager. I see 'em so often I can always tell 'em at a glance."

CHAPTER THREE

The mist had turned into a light fog, and the plot began to clear up as the two officers knocked at the fashionable mansion of Haig Wiley.

The expression on the servant's face told the story.

In a second the officers had rushed into the library and found the general manager on the floor dead. He was stabbed in the back.

Sergeant Reilly getting impatient pulled out the knife and showed it to the detective. "Well, whose is it now?"

"Them belong to old man Levy, president of the Golden Area studios."

CHAPTER FOUR

A half hour later they were ushered in to Sam Levy's library where he was reading a copy of "Snappy Stories."

"Vell?" he demanded, "vhy you botter me vor?"

"We just found four of your help murdered?" explained the sergeant, nervous as he stood in front of the multi-millionaire producer.

"Is that all?" asked Levy. "You're shysters. Take a walk in the rear of the studio. You'll find Rifenbark, the author, dead. Max, the publicty man, also got it. Go on, I'm busy."

Sam Levy smacked his lips with contentment. He dropped the magazine on the floor and looked up at the ceiling.

"Vell, who shall I get next?"

THE END.

This is the none too mysterious story of cut-throating in the film industry brought to Carmel this week by Don Davis, one of the leading literary film agents in the country who is a visitor in the village.

According to Davis, the film industry has now reached—or rather still remains, a thing of the survival of the fittest.

"Whoever is able to survive the constant cut-throating becomes successful," Davis declares. "But it isn't for long. It's only a matter of years and chance before you feel the touch of a knife."

Davis, accompanied by his wife, better known in the films as Sabria Stetson, expects to spend several weeks in Carmel before returning to Hollywood. Davis is the agent for authors like Charles Francis Coe, Hugh Wiley, Franklin P. Adams, William MacLeod Raine, Homer Croy and others.

JOHNS' POEM IN GOLDEN BOOK

A poem "Little Things" by Orrick Johns, Carmel poet, is featured in the March issue of the Golden Book. The poem is taken from one of Johns' books of poems published by Knopf in 1917.

Mr. J. R. Scarlet of Berkeley spent last week end with friends in Carmel.

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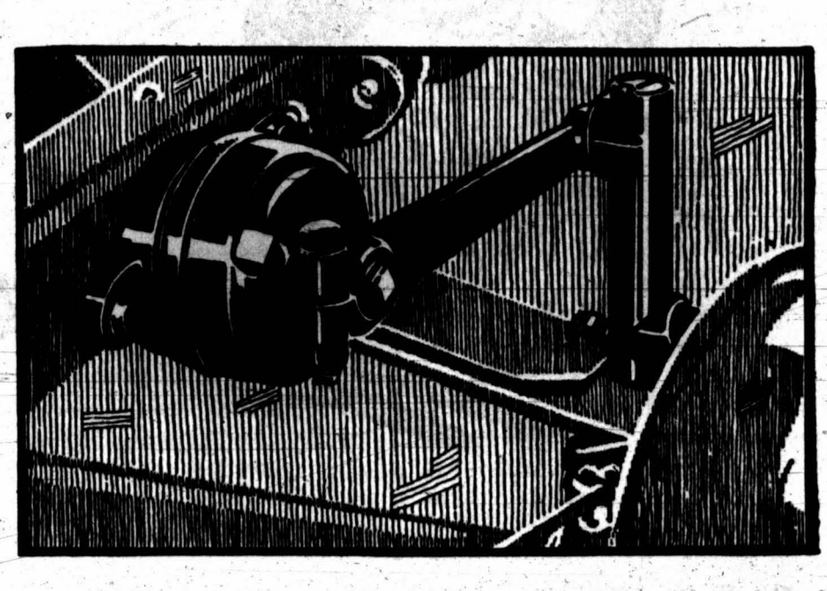

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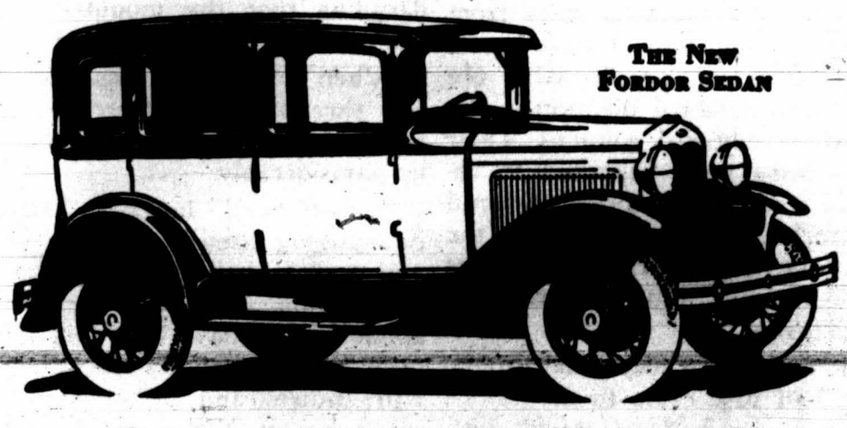

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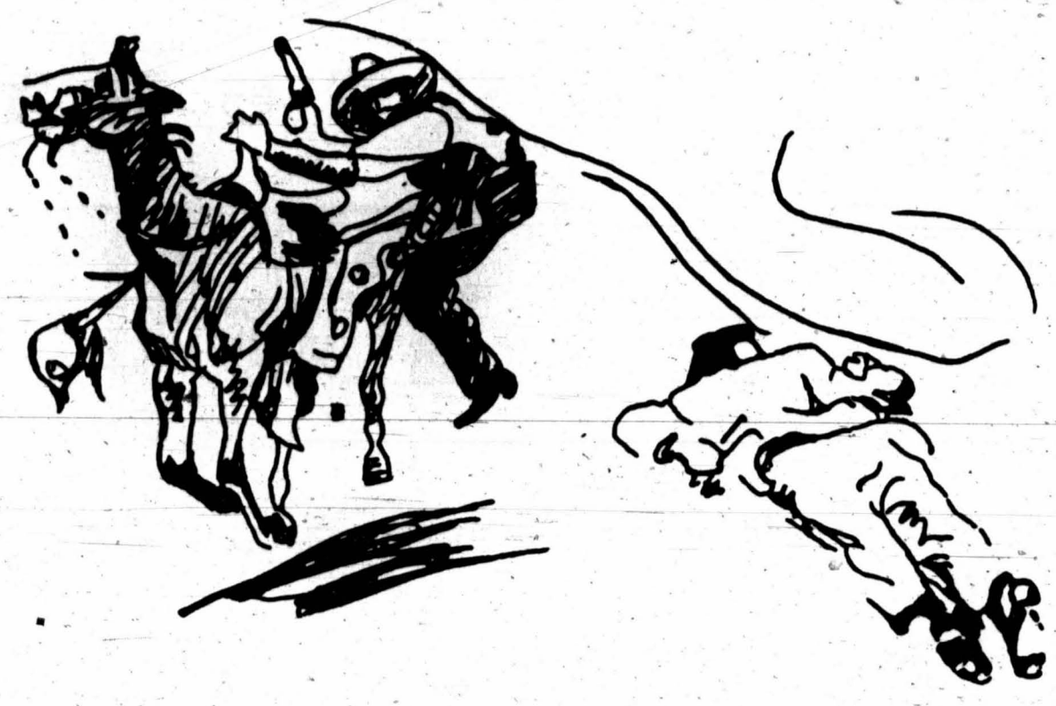
A Journalist on the Frontier



By Perry Newberry

I had served ten years on various newspapers, but I was never called a journalist until I went to Conconully, Washington, as editor of the Okanogan Record.

It was new experience for me. I had been on daily papers in large cities from Chicago to San Francisco, occupying all sorts of positions, but I had never held the respect of the people as I did while at Conconully. I occupied a position in the estimation of the community somewhere between the justice of the peace and the ranch-loan banker, and I soon found that I had a position to live up to and dignity to sustain.

As a help to my dignity I carried a forty-four calibre revolver, the kind that the cowpunchers finds most efficacious, and I wore it in a belt-holster well around in front. Conconully was in the Cascade Mountains, up near the Canadian boundary-line, over a hundred miles from the railroad, and it held quite a number of people who objected to personal mention in the news or editorial columns. Their objections were supposed to assume warlike expression, and there had been journalists in the country who carried their guns in unhandy hip pockets, and died from it.

John McLain was a half-breed. He had first came to my notice because he had quarreled with a rancher over the ownership of a horse, and he was sent to prison in spite of his insistence against the mute evidence of the brand. That Okanogan County jailed its horse-thieves, instead of hanging them to the nearest tree, is evidence of its enlightenment. McLain came to the county jail at Conconully to await trial until the circuit judge made his semi-annual visit in the fall.

I used him as the subject for several editorials directed towards the uplifting of the young men of the community. McLain did not like my editorials. I do not blame him for that—some people don't; but he added that when he got out of prison he would emphasize his dislike of my style of writing by shooting me more or less full of holes.

A jury which had been chosen from the mining communities of the county, and did not know a branding-iron from a cabbage, turned John McLain loose on the strength of the testimony of his sister, two brothers, and several Indian squaws. I was personally sorry, but editorially made him the text of another sermon. I also put five new cartridges in my gun and oiled it thoroughly.

It was after McLain had been out of jail for several days that a railroad detective from Spokane came into the town and asked for him. The detective thought his man was still in jail, and was somewhat chagrined to find that a jury had turned him loose. He wanted McLain for holding up a train on the Great Northern Railroad in the Big Bend and killing the express messenger. McLain was also required in an adjoining county for killing an old man and his wife, who he thought had buried money on their ranch, but who would not—or could not—tell where, even after McLain had pulled their toe-nails out with forceps. There were, furthermore, two or three minor murders across the Canadian boundary-line that the mounted police credited to his account.

When I told the detective of the threats the half-breed had made against me he brightened up considerably.

"Good! Fine!" he cried. "He'll be hanging around here to get you and I shall have a chance to nab him. Now, you keep still about what I have told you, and we'll trap him nicely. McLain is half Indian, and he never forgets a wrong. You needn't worry at all; he will be back here after you right enough."

It was all very well to tell me not to worry, but how could I help it? I was to be the bait in this trap, and I am sure the bait always worries, especially if it is live bait. I know I did. Justice is a great thing, and I like to see justice come out on top—but not on top of me. As a journalist I ought to have walked around that town offering myself as a target for a pot-shot from this multi-murderer, glad to be of service to justice; but, as a matter of fact, I did nothing of the kind. I printed all the detective had told me in the Okanogan Record, and sent it by mail to every other paper in the county, for fear that McLain might not be reading the Record. And I did not underestimate the efforts that were being put forth to locate him either; there were several detectives from Spokane in my articles, instead of one. When the officers finally captured him, some months later, it was many miles from Conconully.

At the time of my sojourn in Conconully there was a gang of young men—or boys, rather—about the town who thought that real life consisted in wearing "shaps," sombreros with straps under the back hair, heavy armories of pistols, jingling spurs, and in riding half-tamed bronchos through the main street of the town. I tried to curb their ambition to be "bad men" by a series of editorials that conveyed my disapproval of their endeavours to restrict the progress of civilization in Conconully. One of these youths took my remarks personally, and formally conveyed to me his desire to meet me on the field of honour.

Now, I have killed my man, or at least I believe I have. He died within a few days after I emptied a revolver at him. But that was in an official capacity, and it is quite another story. I did not want to have the blood of any Okanoganite on my conscience, nor did I want him to feel lasting remorse over me, so I declined the conflict which the youth in the yellow-dyed bearskin chapparejos proposed, acting as his friend's second, and I changed my office desk so that I faced the door.

It was the next afternoon that I met him. I had just come out of the general store on Main Street, with both arms full of household supplies. The insulted youth, in brown bearskin shaps, and his friend of the yellow ones, were sitting in front of Dawson's saloon with their feet on the hitching-rail. They saw me just as I saw them, and they jumped over the rail and came towards me across the street at a run. Of course, I dropped my parcels. There were eggs and potatoes and onions, I remember, for I gathered some of them up when it was all over. I reached for my gun, which I always wore in front, but it was not there. I had taken it off while writing the leading article for the week.

"Newberry," said the man in the brown shaps, rushing right up to me, "you are a great journalist, sure. Them editorials of yours are the real alfalfa. I want to shake the hand that writ 'em. Here I've lived in this budding burgh all my life and never had no reputation, and you come along and make me famous in a day. Shake hands."

I shook hands with him and also had a drink with him. He explained that he had felt hurt at first, and wanted to retaliate and make things unpleasant, but a little reflection, and the new esteem of his fellow-citizens, had shown him the folly of reproaching what he should praise. He was willing to buy me many drinks, but I courteously refused.

Mrs: Serepta Stutsman was a widow making settlement on a Government quarter-section. She fell in love with a miner who was at least half her age and wanted to marry him very quietly, in order that the Government might not rescind her right in her homestead. I was new to the land laws, though not new to elopements, which are select morsels for the city newspaper man. So, when I learned that one of our very few eligible ladies had slipped away to Wenatchee and married a husband, it was front-page copy for the Record. I am not saying that, even if I had known the land laws, I should have remained quiet and allowed her to deceive our kind and paternal Government; but I did not feel exactly easy in my mind when, a few minutes after the paper appeared on the street, I saw four men mounted on swift bronchos leave the town in a race for the Waterville land office. It was sixty miles across country, and the first man to arrive would take the ex-widow's home and well-cared for acres from under her very nose.

This was all explained to me while the townspeople watched the beginning of the race. Her new husband was an interested but dispirited observer of this chase for his wife's dowry, for

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he had nothing but a plough-horse with which to make a try for the prize. He was as eligible for claiming the land as any other; the marriage of the widow Stutsman simply nullified her entry filings. I did what I could to counteract the effect of my story. I borrowed the best broncho in town for him from my friend the sheriff, I took the spurs right off the boots of the youth in the yellow-dyed shaps, and I had the bridegroom headed Watervillewards not fifteen minutes behind the last of the others. and he made it, too; but the ex-Mrs. Stutsman never forgave me for taking her husband away from their honeymoon.

Then there was the case of the Dinglow cheque. A wealthy mining man died up in the northern part of the county, and the administration of the estate was placed in the hands of the Conconully bank. Some time after the will went to probate the hotel man at Conconully presented a cheque, drawn by the mining man to him, for a considerable amount. It was paid from the estate, and would have been forgotten if there had been no newspaper in the town.

The county clerk's office was one of my calling places, and I was there the day that the statement of the administrators was filed. It being news and matter of public record, I looked over the papers with some interest. Coming to this particular cheque, I noticed a slight sign of erasure, in the space where the amount was written. Securing a magnifying glass, I studied it carefully, finally making out that the cheque had been seriously altered. What was now several hundred dollars had been originally written, "Pay to the order of John A. Dinglow one good kick, and charge to my account." That looked like a newspaper story, and I began to dig into the circumstances of the giving of the paper.

It was not a difficult matter. There were several people who remembered the night that the mining man, somewhat inebriated, and tired of Dinglow's importunities to make him a loan, drew out his cheque-book and filled in the blank with the remark, "Now, take that and cash it. That's all you will get from me." Dinglow, who saw his hopes blaze into brightness, read the words aloud, and smiled weakly, while the others in the saloon roared. After the mining man's demise the cheque assumed its present form, and, as I said, was paid from the estate.

Dinglow was a man of some importance in the town. He ran an hotel and had a family that was large and attractive. This gave him an influence that reached far enough to prevent a prosecution, which he richly deserved, and far enough to cause several of the stockholders in the paper which I edited to attempt to kill the story. "Let it go, Newberry," they said. "He has learned his lesson; let it rest." But I could not see it that way. It was legitimate news; I had tracked it down skillfully, and I took pride in my work. Moreover, good stories were scarce enough without "killing" them; and, besides, this exposure was the only punishment Dinglow was going to get—and he had earned that and more. So the story "ran."

Dinglow promptly got drunk and announced his determination to kill me. It was a small town, with only two real streets, so there was no chance to dodge him. I was certain my revolver was in its holster this time, and I went my regular ways, one of which ultimately led me into Dawson's drink emporium. There I found Dinglow sitting in a corner, his revolver in his hand and threats of what he was going to do with the editor of the Record on his lips. But I was in no danger. Dinglow was too drunk even to see me; and when a facetious friend told him I was at the bar—a joke which I have never been able to appreciate—he fired two holes through the saloon floor, so near his own toes that they must have been blistered.

They put him to bed, and when he recovered from his wrathful carouse, several days later, remorse and a headache counselled him to wisdom and forgetfulness. We met naturally and frequently after that, as one must meet the leading hotel proprietor in a small town, but he never mentioned the matter of the cheque for "one good kick."

(To be continued next week)

LATEST BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Non-fiction: Anderson—Elizabeth the queen; a play in three acts; Boeckel—The turn toward peace; Codel—Radio and its future; Dillon—Russia: today and yesterday; an impartial view of Soviet Russia; Flexner—Universities: American, English, German; Gesell — The retarded child: how to help him; Holcombe—The spirit of the Chinese revolution; Jones—Some exponents of mystical religion; Lighty — Shanty-boat; Marie, grand duchess of Russia—Education of a princess; a memoir; Martin—Seven great bibles; the sacred scriptures of Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity; Notch—King Bob; a study of the present-day mind; Oliver—Fear: the autobiography of James Edwards; Reisner—Albert Einstein; a biographical portrait; Sandburg—The American songbag; Saxon—Lafitte the pirate; Steiner—The making of a great race; racial and religious cross-currents in the U. S.; Wiggam—The marks of an educated man.

Fiction: Baum—Grand Hotel; Bindloss — The prairie patrol; Clear—The years that crown; Du Bois — The devil's spoon; Dufour—Monique; Fergusson—Footloose McGarnigal; Gide—The school for wives; Green—Corsair; Grey—Sunset Pass; Hergesheimer—The limehouse tree; Lagerlof—The ring of the Lowenskölds; Mann—Mario and the magician; Ossorgin—Quiet street; Rea—Rachel Moon; Ryerson and Clements—This awful age; Sinclair—Roman holiday: Stiles—The mote and the beam; Thompson—Portrait by Caroline; White—Dog days; other times, other dogs; the autobiography of a man and his dog friends through four decades of changing America.

Mysteries: Charteris—The last hero; Keeler—The riddle of the yellow Zuri; McNeile—The finger of fate; Vance—The woman in the shadow; Wallace—The Ringer returns.

Juvenile: In Lawrence's bodyguard (juvenile edition of **With Lawrence in Arabia**)

MEXICO TODAY IS SUBJECT OF LECTURE

The public is invited to attend a lecture on "Mexico Today" by Austin Lewis of San Francisco, Sunday, eight o'clock at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Mr. Lewis' visit is so recent that it antedates any published account of conditions in Mexico today as he has returned within the past three weeks from his third visit there.

As it becomes increasingly easier to travel in Mexico we are turning our eyes to its interests and unusual beauties. If we have been urged to "See America First," we will soon be advised to "See Mexico Next." The more we know about Mexico the more we will enjoy travel there.

But it is Mexico as a neighboring state that we should particularly inform ourselves. On our intelligent understanding and interpretation of her national ideals and of her cultural inheritance depend our ability to keep her as a friend and to be friendly to her. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom under whose auspices Mr. Lewis's lecture is given hopes a large number will avail themselves of the privilege of hearing of Mexico Today.

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EDITORIAL

VOTE FOR SCHOOL BONDS

The plans, and a perspective drawing of the proposed extension of Sunset School, show a plant that will be a magnificent symbol of education to all eyes. It will establish Carmel's fame as a center of learning more quickly than can any amount of talking. Such a school plant speaks eloquently of the kind of people that are resident of its district.

To us who remember the little school building of twenty years ago on the site of the present main structure, the growth is amazing. Four small classrooms housed the school, nor was it overcrowded. When finally it became necessary to enlarge it, there was no idea that a very few years would see the new structure as obsolete as was the first one.

Carmel grew fast in the years subsequent to 1920, but the school attendance grew even faster. The word was out that we had a modern and efficient elementary school here, and families that had hesitated before because of schooling facilities, now came and built. Also, there had been private schools to which local children had been sent, and these children began attendance at Sunset.

Again and again, Sunset School overflowed its housing. Makeshifts were thrown up for the surplus. The cramped quarters have been a handicap, but have been accepted cheerfully, with as little impairment of school efficiency as possible. The broad program of development along educational lines, with especial thought for the refinements that must necessarily be a part of a Carmel curriculum, was pushed forward eagerly. And that built a reputation for Carmel's school that brought it greater crowding, and made necessary further extension and more classrooms.

The plans are now based upon a maximum attendance of 600 pupils, and it is estimated that no additional rooms will be needed for ten years or more. But this is as likely to be underestimated as were all previous guesses. An upstanding school builds a town fast, and the outward evidence of such an institution is its school plant. When the structure pictured upon the Pine Cone's front page this week becomes a reality, no one who passes it can but think favorably of the town's school system, and we have proof that the result is increased population and added homes.

And today $75,000 for our school plant is less than was $15,000 when the present building was put up. Largely because of the school property values in the district have increased so that the tax upon individual owners is not as great as in the old days. No one can say that the district cannot afford an adequate home for its school, or that in today's market of low material costs and efficient labor returns, it is not advantageous to build. Both the need and the proper time to fill the need are upon us. Let us vote as a unit for the school bonds.

MORE SUPERVISORS

The board of supervisors is being urged by Monterey peninsula statesmen to give this supervisorial district an additional representative upon the county board. The argument is that with a third of the county's assessed valuation, and almost half of its population, we are entitled to a greater part in its councils and determinations.

Carmel has taken very little interest in the matter, leaving the front line of attack to be manned by Monterey and Pacific Grove. For most people in this village, Salinas is further away than Sacramento or Washington. We ask little from our supervisors, and that little is often only to be left alone. What they touch is spoiled. The Monterey-Carmel highway cut and fill are exemplars of what the board of supervisors means to Carmel.

With another representative, we would be in greater danger of unwanted improvements. Even a man of our own selection, a resident of the town, would be apt to acquire civilizing notions, and shove progress into Carmel. When hand-picked city councils can not be trusted to close their eyes to programs of advancement, how can we expect a body of men sitting in Salinas to understand our vagaries?

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 3, 1915

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

Subscription rates: One year, $2. Six months, $1.25. Three months, 65¢ Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Published weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Corporation.

PERRY NEWBERRY and HAL GARROTT, Publishers.

Printed by the Carmel Press, Inc.

THERE IS ANOTHER GLORY OF THE MOON

There is another glory of the moon,
Another splendor of the sun than ours.
Like, yet unlike, these flowers that die so soon
Must be those other flowers.

Lead softly forth to Gardens of Delight,
Grey-robed attendant of the shadowy brow!
There stars arise of morning and of night,
But not as now—as now.

—Ada Alden
in The Harp.

SPHERIC MUSIC

Nine perfect drops of dew
Upon a blade of grass;
Nine tiny crystal spheres;
I paused—and could not pass.

Infinitesimal
Worlds to a grass-blade cling
And these, too, make a note
Of cosmic music ring.

—Lydia B. Littell.

HOLY GROUND

He whose leaden feet can walk
Rough-shod over wonder,
Must be dull, insensate, blind,
Liable to blunder.

He will hear no thrilling sound
Though he try to listen.
He will see no diamonds
Where the frost-gems glisten.

Let the step be reverent!
Let the glance be tender!
When the heart is generous,
Beauty must surrender!

—Elinor Lennen

WORDS

A practical man
Sharpens his words
Until they cry out,
Hurt;
But the dreamer
Plays lightly upon them
And sends them out
Singing!

—Blanche Gillaspie.

HUSBAND

He is not my Galahad;

Neither is he the one great
love of my life.

He is my shield against
loneliness in old age.

—Grace Gaddis.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS

Carmel's accomodations were inadequate to take care of the week-end-Washington's-birthday crowd of visitors. Hotels, lodgings and cottages were filled, and a great surplus was turned away. What may be expected here next summer was forecasted by the influx that came last Friday and Saturday.

There can be no doubt that the great amount of unasked publicity which has been given Carmel this winter is having the usual result of advertising. Thousands of people are going to come here to see the quaint village of which they have read. Many of these visitors will be satisfied with a view of it, but a certain proportion will find here what they have wanted, and will remain. Fortunately, those who do learn by their sight-seeing that Carmel has an appeal to their hearts, are the sort of people that can merge into the life of the village, and will work for its ideals.

There was, the realtors tell us, a decided interest in properties by the holiday crowd, and many were shown houses and building sites in and around the town. Although few actual sales have been reported, it was proof of the opening of another lively season in real estate. Undoubtedly the coming summer is going to be an active one, and whatever depression there may have been this winter, its end is in sight.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE AIR

Carmel's first kite-flying tournament was a huge success. Boys, girls and adults had interest and excitement enough to make it a lasting memory. The contests were close, and the awards met with general approval. It will undoubtedly be an annual event in Carmel's growing list of seasonal gala days.

The idea, and no small part of the work, must be credited to the Rev. Willis G. White, who seems to have a keen knowledge of boys and girls, and a proper notion of how to lead them in healthful and pleasurable sports. It was he who trained and guided the group of youthful Christmas carol singers last Yuletide. He is evidently a master hand with the kiddies.

But little urging was required to ger the people of Carmel behind him, helping

along in the kite tournament. The mayor and city council gave official sanction, and personal appearance at the affair. Chief of Police Gus Englund rode at the head of the parade. Boy Scout leaders served on committees, or helped in the judging. Proud parents were as numerous, and almost as active as their progeny on the field.

Let the kite tournament take its place with the Forest Theater annual production, the garden contest, the municipal Christmas tree, and the concert seasons, as a part of the year's calendar in Carmel. It is well worth preserving.

People Talked About

Ask Lincoln Steffens what he thinks is the best virtue in a human being and he will probably answer: "Persistence." And he will explain with a story of how he became a newspaper reporter.

It was some thirty or forty years ago when Steffens had returned from England and he had tried and failed getting a position even as a janitor, despite the fact that he had degrees from the leading European universities.

But finally he decided he was going to be a reporter. He went to the New York Evening Post, and after a short talk convinced the city editor in giving him a position writing on space. For days he sat in the editorial rooms watching other reporters being sent out on assignments, but he seemed to remain a temporary fixture of the office.

Then, one morning the editor rushed into the office. He looked at Steffens sitting by a desk. "God, isn't there anybody around here!" he exclaimed.

"Sure—I'm here," came from Steffens.

The city editor smiled, was about to disregard him and on second thought after glancing around the empty editorial office, walked over to him.

A broker on Wall Street had disappeared, the editor told him. It was a delicate case. He belonged to one of the most important firms and had probably defaulted. Find out what you can! Steffens ran out of the office and hastened to see the partner of the firm.

His partner had not defaulted, he told Steffens. He had gone away but he didn't know where.

"Huh," muttered Steffens, lit a cigarette and sat down on the chair in the office. A half hour passed then an hour, finally the partner hit the desk with his fist.

"You're the most persistent person I know," he yelled. "My partner skipped. He took all the money with him—he defaulted."

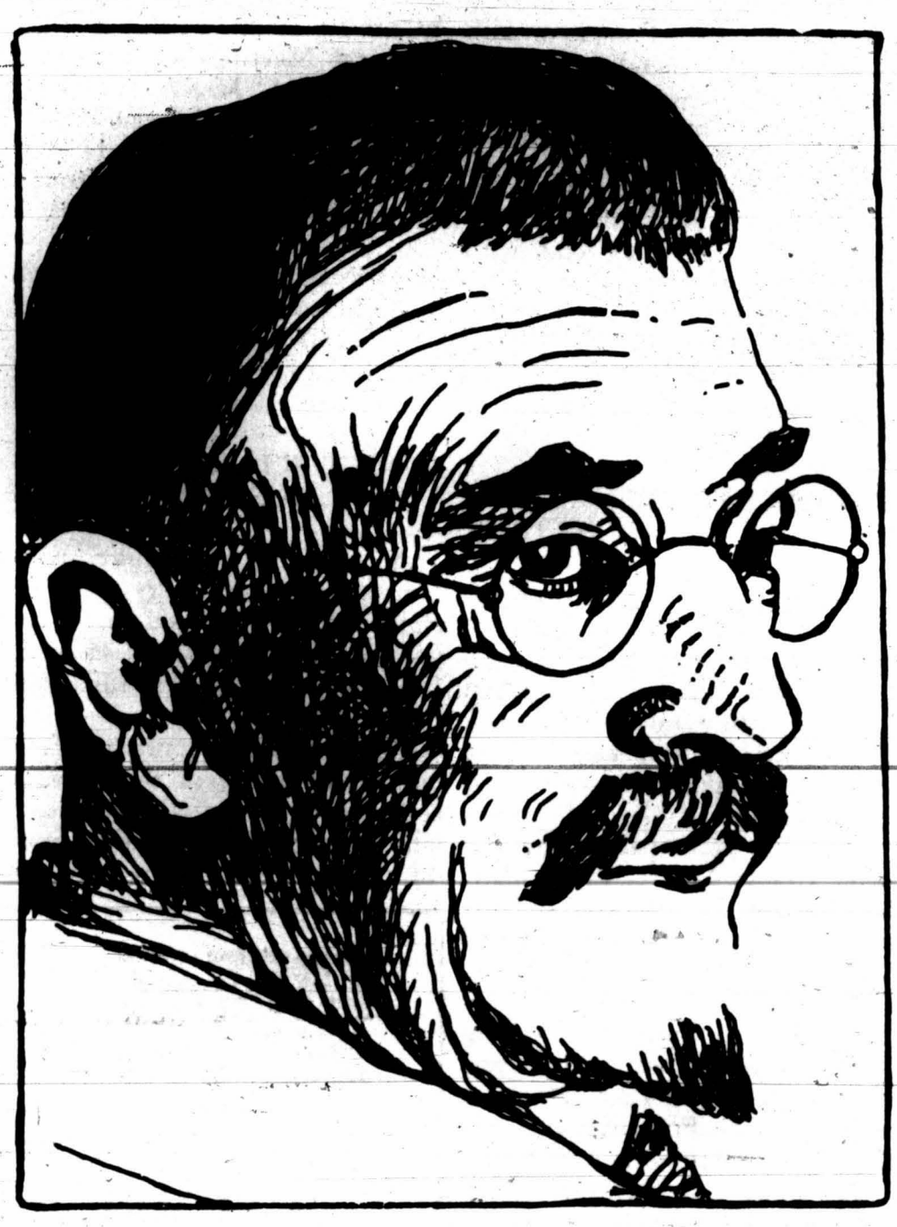
"Huh," replied Steffens and walked calmly to the Post's editorial rooms and wrote the story. Before he had finished it, the city editor had grasped it out of his hands. Steffens had obtained his first "big" story.

"Persistence is a great thing," Steffens will tell you.

* * *

Now that Mussolini has accepted the State Department's apology, we can read the real story of what happened on the road when Italy's dictator took our own Cornelius Vanderbilt for a ride. Vanderbilt's story is told in Rob Wagner's Script, a Beverly Hills weekly, and was a grand scoop for that clever and sophisticated magazine.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who spent some time at the Highlands, writing one of his recent books, interviewed Mussolini five years ago. "I arrived at the Caetani Palace," he says, "and was warmly received by Mussolini. He was about to leave on some sort of military inspection, and as I needed time for my interview, he asked me to accompany him. We left the palace in Mussolini's car, he driving. We were accompanied, however, by several cars filled with secret-service police, some ahead, some behind. . . .



Lincoln Steffens, from photograph by Bob Davis

"As we were entering a small town, at a turn in the road, a too-eager young child ran across the path, and was struck by Mussolini's car, how hard I don't know, but as I turned to look, Mussolini put his hand on my knee and said, 'Never look back, Vanderbilt, always look ahead in life.'"

The story as General Smedley Butler of the Marines told it varied from Vanderbilt's tale in that Mussolini said, "What is one life in the affairs of state?" And our State Department probably apologized to Mussolini because Butler's version is more trite and commonplace phrasing than Vanderbilt's.

Either remark, if made, deserves apology from somebody, though our Secretary of State should have passed the blame to its author. Mussolini probably made neither comment. More likely he said, "Whoops, my dear! What a jolt!" And as he denies the whole affair, or ever having been in an automobile with Vanderbilt, the exact words he used will probably never be known.

Vanderbilt's quarrel with Gen. Butler is because the general stole Vanderbilt's story. He says, "I sincerely regret that Gen. Butler 'stole my story,' and in telling it gave the 'hit-run' interpretation, for it has caused me no end of ignominy and distress." But he also says, "I have told the story many times merely as an interesting episode, and in order to register Mussolini's pertinent epigram about always looking ahead." As General Butler did not use the "pertinent epigram," but manufactured his own epigram, Vanderbilt's "ignominy and distress" seem to be causeless.

Whether or not the young child was run down by the car driven by Mussolini is lost in the more important features of the controversy, the ethics of stealing another's "stuff," and the respective merits of two trite epigrams. Just what our State Department apologized for, doesn't appear. But Mussolini's strict policy of Italian censorship has extended its limits now to include these United States.

* * *

The traveling bookshop, Eric Collin's scheme for combining business with pleasure, is advertised for sale. So ends one of the beautiful dreams of a prosperous playtime. Why it failed of success is not clear, but the promise it gave of an ideal business life did not materialize. One extended tour it made, with Eric Collin at the wheel, then it seemed to fizzle out.

It was a magnificent experiment. No expense was spared to make the van comfortable for its occupants, and quite likely that was the reason for its failure as a business proposition. Living in it amid beautiful surroundings was too pleasurable, and there was a constant incentive to keep away from where people centered, and so miss the opportunities of sales. A bookshop beside a trout stream in the mountains would be joyous, but it could not be profitable.

Now the van is for sale at a small fraction of its original cost. Some gypsy will buy it, and get a lot of happiness from it. But the traveling peddler's day is past, and the combination of business and pleasure is outdated.

* * *

The vehicular bookshop was first constructed for Eric Collin, a former Carmel resident, who spends his life roaming from one part of the country to another. The Vagabond Book Shop fitted his needs. In it he could travel from village to village, crying out his wares and selling books as low as 50 cents and as high as two hundred dollars.

He had no book-store rent to pay and no rent for a home. Inside the caravan he and his wife cooked their meals on an electric stove. Sometimes they would park on the hill-side, overlooking the city where they would go for the next stop. They would plug in the radio, listen to voices in California and glance up at an eastern sky.

Their profits from the books were large. They would spend several weeks if not a month at Palm Springs, selling books by the dozen every day. Their books were displayed in glass cases on the sides of the caravan and on the back. Valuable books were kept inside.

On their trips across the continent, Collin wrote several books and also kept a diary. About two years ago Collin and his Vagabond Book Shop came back to Carmel.

He was here for some time and suddenly one morning his Vagabond Book Shop, true to its name, was found a vagabond parked in the middle of one of the village streets. All day, residents and visitors gathered around the abandoned curiosity.

And abandoned it was. It looked as though someone had parked it on a hill, the brake had become loosened and it had slipped down the grade until it stopped in the middle of the street. How it got there, to this day remains a mystery. What happened to Eric Collin is another mystery.

Since that day, no one has ever heard of him. The caravan was finally placed in storage at Cooper's garage. With the return to Carmel of Stephen A. Reynolds, the writer, who held the mortgage on the caravan, the Vagabond Book Shop is now offered for sale.

* * *

Edward G. Kuster and Frederick Blanchard first became acquainted when they both registered almost at the same time at the University of California.

A friendship between the two suddenly developed and all during their four years of college they became closely associated. Exactly what brought them together, they never attempted to analyze in those days.

It was only recently that Kuster finally realized that both he and Blanchard had a longing for the stage even back in college. They took minor parts in college plays but it was never given any serious consideration.

There were things more important for them to do. Blanchard took up a commercial course and graduated in 1900. Kuster took up law work and graduated with the same class.

Blanchard went into the banking business. Kuster went into a law office. Blanchard became a banker; Kuster had a large practice in Los Angeles as an attorney.

In 1920—exactly 20 years after they had received their diplomas, Blanchard quit the banking business. Kuster abandoned his law practice.

When they had first left college Kuster and Blanchard had written to each other regularly. Before long, however, the letters stopped. Kuster never did know where Blanchard went.

Then Kuster arranged with Galt Bell for the production of "The Second Man" to be given tonight and Sunday night at the Carmel Playhouse.

Kuster on the day of practice looked over the cast which Bell had arranged. On it appeared the name of Frederick Blanchard.

Could it be the same Frederick Blanchard?

Kuster rushed into the theatre. There, standing on one side, Kuster immediately recognized his former classmate. When Blanchard had resigned from the bank, he went into the theatrical business as an actor. When Kuster shut his law offices the same year, he went into the theatre business from the production end.

REALTORS COMBINE

Robert Parrott and Donald Hale, well-known realtors and insurance men, have joined in a partnership. The new firm will operate under the name Carmel Investment Company, with offices on Dolores Street. Both men are well known and popular members of the community.

Robert Parrott, born in England, became a United States citizen. He was educated at the University of Southern California, and went through the world war, serving with Canadian troops. He reached the front in the spring of 1915, and was wounded twice. After his discharge from an army hospital, he traveled over most of the globe, seeking a place to settle and engage in business. He decided on Carmel because, as he expresses it, "it is the most beautiful and desirable place to live in I have seen in all my life." This was four years ago. Previous to moving to Carmel Mr. Parrott took a realtor's course at the university and served an apprenticeship in real estate offices in Southern California.

Donald Hale, son of Mrs. Fred Bechdolt, came to Carmel as a child in 1906 and the village has been his home ever since. He was a member of the first class in Carmel's public school. During the war he saw active service at the front with the First American Gas regiment. Returning to Carmel he engaged in the building business, a member of the firm Gottfried & Hale. Later he engaged in the real estate and insurance business. Mr. Hale is considered one of the leading insurance experts in this part of the state.

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Charles Watson, who is now at Menlo School for Boys, spent the week end with his parents, Col. and Mrs. H. L. Watson in their home in the 80 Acres.

* * *

Miss Barbara Watts has returned to her home in Berkeley after being the guest of Miss Nancy Heath in her home in Carmel, over the week end.

* * *

Mrs. Harland Keller and Mrs. John Herald Philip of San Francisco and Mr. John Zuckerman of Berkeley were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Newall in their home in north Carmel.

* * *

Tom Warren has returned to Berkeley, where he is attending the University of California, after spending the week end with his mother, Mrs. Bernice O. Warren, in her home on North Carmelo.

* * *

Among the guests who have been staying at La Ribera during the past few days were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dreyfous of Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Green of San Francisco; Miss Luisa Espinel of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Blanchard and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Lacey of San Francisco; Mrs. Archibald MacLaren and Miss MacLaren of St. Paul, Minnesota; Mrs. Raymond Thompson of New York City; Mrs. Alex MacNeal and Ruth MacNeal of Litchfield, Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Monsen of Berkeley; Mr. Ethridge Walker of Brookline, Massachusetts; and Mrs. L. S. Peabody of Denver with Mrs. S. A. Conley of San Francisco.

* * *

Mrs. Mansfield Wilson, who formerly lived in Carmel, returned to her home in San Jose after visiting Mrs. Isabel Walton in her home on Dolores street.

* * *

Miss Holly Ehrenberg of Carmel is visiting for several days with her mother in San Rafael.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gardiner of Palo Alto and Mrs. Gardiner's mother, Mrs. L. F. Monteagle of San Francisco, are staying for several days in their cottage on Santa Lucia.

* * *

Miss Jane Lawler of Stanford University is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Matilda Smith of Carmel, for several days.

* * *

Mrs. Shirley Williamson and her son, David, of Palo Alto were in their cottage on Carmel Point over the week end, returning to their home on Monday evening.

* * *

Miss Janet Carter and Miss Virginia Vosburg of Pasadena who are now attending Mills College, spent Washington's birthday in Carmel.

* * *

After spending the holiday in Carmel, Eugene Roeling has returned to San Jose where he is attending San Jose State college.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Easton motored from the Black Hawk Ranch near Antioch to spend Washington's birthday in their cottage on Carmelo.

* * *

Mrs. Grant Wallace of Carmel Point is spending several days in San Francisco where she is visiting friends.

* * *

Alfred Searle, capitalist and member of a pioneer peninsula family, passed away at his late home in Palo Alto on Friday last. Born in San Francisco in eighteen sixty-six, Alfred Searle was a son of the late Thomas Searle, who came to California in eighteen fifty-three and settled on an old Spanish grant of twenty-two hundred acres, where the city of Palo Alto now stands. Mrs. Gustav Laumeister of Carmel is a sister.

* * *

Leo O'Connell of Boise, Idaho, was a recent guest of his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Slevin.

* * *

United States Attorney George Hatfield of San Francisco with his wife, is spending several days in Carmel with friends. The Hatfields are frequent visitors.

* * *

Mrs. Ervilla Atworth, bookkeeper at the local telephone office, spent last week end with friends in San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Stokely Wilson of Sea Cliff, were recent guests at the Richard Masten home at Carmel Highlands.

VISITOR STRICKEN BY HEART ATTACK

Frederick H. Moore, 31, prominent San Jose and San Francisco merchant dropped dead from a heart attack Sunday night when he was getting into his automobile. Moore is well known here and has been a frequent visitor to the village.

He was accompanied by his wife, Ursula Moore, his mother, Mrs. Marcella S. Moore and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Slin of San Jose.

Moore was for many years manager of Spring's clothing store in San Jose which was owned by his mother. He later moved to San Francisco and was the owner of three stores there.

His body was shipped to San Jose where funeral services were held on Wednesday.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Christ Jesus" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "And John calling unto him two of his disciples sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached" (Luke 7:19, 21, 22).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Jesus established his church and maintained his mission on a spiritual foundation of Christ-healing. He taught his followers that his religion had a divine Principle, which would cast out error and heal both the sick and the sinning. He claimed no intelligence, action, nor life separate from God" (p. 136).

WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club wil meet Tuesday, March 2nd, at 2:30 p. m. at the Girl Scout House. An interesting afternoon is planned with a unique program prepared in memory of the great California scientist, Luther Burbank—A Burbank Tea. A silver collection will be taken to help defray the expenses of the upkeep of the Burbank home, which was left to the people but with no money for its maintenance.

Sectional Meetings of the Club

Book Section, March 4 and 18 at 10 a.m. at Girl Scout House.

Current Events, March 11 and 25 at 10 a.m. Girl Scout House.

Bridge, March 9 and 23 at 2 p.m. Girl Scout House.

Garden Section, March 4 with Mrs. Haasis, San Antonio near 11th, 10 a.m.

March 19 with Mrs. Comstock at Torres near Sixth, 10 a.m.

SUNSET SCHOOL GIVES MUSICAL EVENING

An evening of music with Sunset School orchestra and glee club will be presented on Wednesday, March 4, at 7:45 p.m. There will be a general admission charge of 25¢.

The program consists of a number of works of the classical and romantic periods in music which clearly indicates that Sunset School has taken another step in arousing interest in music of sound value.

The establishment of a glee club and orchestra has been a potent factor in progress toward that goal which can be attained only when music has assumed its rightful place in the spiritual and emotional life of every child.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR EXCHANGE—Berkeley or Piedmont home for Carmel property. Address Mrs. N. M. Evans, 2903 College Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

WANTED—A house, full price $3,000. What have you? Address E. M. A. Box B, Carmel.

Phone 929-J Leidig Apt.
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Chiropractor
Radionic · Diet · Deep Therapy
Dolores Street Carmel

DR. CARL L. FAGAN
Osteopathic Physician
Spazier Bldg. Monterey
Phone Office 179 Phone Res. 2190

STEAMSHIP & TOUR
Information and rates for all lines
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El Paseo Bldg. Carmel 777
Agent for Edwards & Vickery

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Annuals and perennials ready for planting
20% DISCOUNT ON ALL POTTED PLANTS
"Come and see 'em"
CHAS. A. WATSON
FLORIST
4th & San Carlos Tel. 205-W

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Dentist
Suites 1 and 2
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Carmel Phone 106

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Bring your repair problems to us. Fine cabinet work. Furniture rebuilt Antiques restored. Doors and screens built, repaired, Fitted. Locksmithing, Tools Sharpened. Whatever it is we can FIXIT.
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CARMEL TAXI SERVICE
Phone 15 Day or Night
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Particular Work for Particular People
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WHO'S WHO, WHAT and WHERE IN CARMEL

City Fire Department,
Chief, R. G. Leidig,
Phone, 100.

Police Department,
Chief, August Englund,
Phone 131.

City Clerk,
Saidee Van Brower,
Phone, 110.

City Treasurer,
Barnet J. Segal.

City Attorney
Argyll Campbell

City Offices.
Over the Post Office

Councilmen:
Mayor, Finance
Herbert Heron.
Fire & Police
John B. Jordan
Water & Light
Ross E. Bonham
Health & Safety
Jessamine Rockwell
Streets & Parks
Clara N. Kellogg

Post Office. Dolores Street.
Between Ocean & 7th.
W. L. Overstreet, P. M.

Newspapers,
Pine Cone,
San Carlos, near 7th
Carmelite,
Dolores, between 7th and 8th

Theatres:
Carmel Playhouse
Monte Verde, near 8th.
Golden Bough,
Ocean and Monte Verde.
Denny-Watrous Gallery,
Opposite the Post Office
Forest Theater,
Mountain View.

Churches:
All-Saints, S. Monte Verde
Carmel Mission, Main Highway, south of Village.
Christian Science, N. Monte Verde
Community Church, Lincoln near Ocean Ave.
Unity Hall,
Dolores, between 8th and 9th

Harrison Memorial Library,
Ocean and Lincoln.
(Free to the Public.)

Western Union Telegraph,
Dolores opposite Post Office.
Monterey County Water Works,
South Side of Ocean, nr. Dolores
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
Dolores, south of Ocean
Railway Express Agency,
7th, bet. Dolores and San Carlos
Pac. Tel. and Tel. Co.,
7th and Dolores
Monterey Co., S. P. C. A.
Poundmaster, Monterey 1608.
Garbage Man,
City Hall. Box at foot of stairs.

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Genuine bargain; the Monte Verde Apartments; 68 feet on Monte Verde St. and a cottage in the rear; both completely furnished. Percy Parkes, Owner, Parkes Building. Phone 71, Carmel.

FOR RENT

APARTMENTS FOR RENT—2, 3 and 4 room apartments; hot and cold water; electric heat; electric cook stoves; complete baths; centrally located; near beach; recently remodeled. Apply Monte Verde Apartments, Carmel or Phone 888.

MISCELLANEOUS

LOST—Small white dog, black and brown markings. Telephone Carmel 246, Mrs. Ruhl.

WANTED—Gardening, house cleaning, floor waxing, window washing, etc., by experienced man. Phone after 5 p. m. Jack Belo, Carmel 1078-J.

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MRS. A. F. JORGENSEN
Graduated in Stockholm, Sweden
Treatment at Patient's Residence
by Appointment
Phone 906 Carmel P. O. Box 622

$1,000 REWARD

Now that we are going to throw on our tables all the fall and winter colors of the genuine $1.40 a yard Beverly printed silk to be cleared at 58c some one will say: "It can't possibly be pure silk at that price! Too good to be true!" So we offer you $1,000 cash to test it in every way, but if you find anything in it but pure silk, pure dye, $1,000.00 is yours. Beverly prints are extra washable and durable 32 in. wide.

ALL PURE SILK

For this sale only we mail you any number of yards, any colors, at

58c A YARD

Buy all you can for the future.

1. Navy blue ground with small flowers.
2. Navy with white.
3. Black with colors.
4. White ground with our choice of colors.
7. Tan ground with brown and orange.
8. Medium blue ground, beautiful design.
9. Red ground with beautiful flowers.

Will outlast, outwash and outshine the heavy crepes and tub silks two to one. Nationally advertised at $1.40 a yd. To prove that every number is wonderfully beautiful, let us send you a piece quickly for your inspection. To introduce our silk thread we are giving a regular spool to match.

CRANE'S SILKS, 545 Fifth Ave. N. Y .CITY

— — Clip Coupon NOW — —
Coupon for Printed Silk on Approval
CRANE'S SILKS, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Without obligation to keep it send me ..... yards Color No. ..... Beverly Prints (all pure silk, at 58 cents per yd. on approval. Rush.

Sign .....

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NOTICE OF ELECTION
for
Elementary School Trustee
(Section 2.873, School Code)

NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of Sunset Elementary School District of Monterey County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee will be held on MARCH 27, 1931 (last Friday), at the Sunset School.

There will be one Trustee to elect for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of 6:00 o'clock A. M., and 7:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

..... Inspector
..... Judge
..... Judge

Signed:
FREDERICK BIGLAND
HESTER HALL SCHOENINGER
CLARA N. KELLOGG, Clerk
School Trustees.

Sunset School District
Dated February 27, 1931.

Note.—Three notices must be posted in public places in the district, not less than 30 days before the election, and, if there is a newspaper of general circulation published in the district, notices must be published therein once a week for three weeks before the election. (Sec. 2.873, School Code.)

For other laws governing the election of School Trustees, see Sections 2.870 to 2.970, inclusive, School Code.

All qualified electors of the county who were registered in the precinct in which the election for school trustee is held at least 30 days before the election may vote thereat. (School Code, Section 2.878.) This includes all electors of the county whose names appeared upon the great register used at the next preceding general election and who are resident in the precinct at the time the election for school trustee is held. (In re Merrill, 58 Cal. App. Dec. 88.)

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of Sunset School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with law, an election will be held on the 17th day of March, 1931, at Sunset School Building in said District, between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m., during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election there will be submitted the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of Seventy-five Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of raising money for building or purchasing one or more school buildings, or making alterations or additions to the school building or buildings, for repairing, restoring, or rebuilding any school building damaged, injured, or destroyed by fire, or other public calamity. for insuring school buildings, for supplying school buildings with furniture or necessary apparatus, for improving school grounds, for liquidating any indebtedness already incurred for said purposes, or for refunding any valid outstanding indebtedness of such district evidenced by bonds or warrants thereof.

The said bonds thereunder to be issued and sold, shall be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, and shall bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds shall be numbered from 1 to Seventy-five consecutively, payable as follows:

Bonds No. 1 to 5, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run one year.

Bonds No. 6 to 10, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run two years.

Bonds No. 11 to 15, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run three years.

Bonds No. 16 to 20, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run four years.

Bonds No. 21 to 25, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run five years.

Bonds No. 26 to 30, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run six years.

Bonds No. 31 to 35, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run seven years.

Bonds No. 36 to 40, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run eight years.

Bonds No. 41 to 45, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run nine years.

Bonds No. 46 to 50, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run ten years.

Bonds No. 51 to 55, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run eleven years.

Bonds No. 56 to 60, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run twelve years.

Bonds No. 61 to 65, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run thirteen years.

Bonds No. 66 to 70, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run fourteen years.

Bonds No. 71 to 75, both inclusive, each for One Thousand Dollars, to run fifteen years.

That Byron G. Newell will act as Inspector and Elizabeth Sullivan and Florence V. Wilson will act as the Judges of said Election, and conduct the same, said Inspector and Judges being competent and qualified electors of said School District.

IN WITNESS THEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 13th day of February, 1931.

FREDERICK BIGLAND
HESTER HALL SCHOENINGER
CLARA N. KELLOGG
Trustees of Sunset School District, Monterey County, California.

Date o 1st publication, February 20.
Date of last publication, March 13.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.
No. 11617.

CHARLES DELOS CURTIS, also known as DELOS CURTIS, and CATHERINE MORE CURTIS, sometimes called CATHERINE CURTIS, Plaintiffs,
vs.
WILLIAM N. COOK, and also other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the Complaint, adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto, Defendants.

ALIAS SUMMONS.

ACTION brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, and Complaint filed in the Office of the Clerk of said Monterey County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO WILLIAM N. COOK, and also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien of interest in the real property described in the Complaint adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto,

DEFENDANTS.

YOU are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey, within Ten (10) days after service upon you of this ALIAS SUMMONS, if served within this County; or within Thirty (30) days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon Contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

The object of this action is to require said Defendants, and each of them, known, or unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the Complaint on file in this cause, and hereinafter described, adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership thereto, to set forth the nature of their, and each of their claims, and that all adverse claims of said Defendants, and each of them, may be determined by a Decree of this Court.

That by said Decree, it may be adjudged and decreed that the Plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple absolute of all the said real property, and that their title is good and valid, and that said Defendants have not, nor have they, or any of them, any estate, right, title, lien of interest in or to said real property, or any part thereof.

And that it be further adjudged and decreed that said Defendant WILLIAM N. COOK, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in said Complaint adverse to Plaintiffs' ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiffs' title thereto, be forever debarred and estopped from asserting such or any claims in or to such real property, or any part thereof.

All of which is more fully set forth in the Complaint to which reference is hereby specially made.

Plaintiffs pray for such other or further relief as to this Court may seem meet and proper.

The real property affected by this action consists of All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, lying being and situate in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

Lot Two (2) in Block Seventeen (17) as shown and delineated on the "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, filed March 7, 1902 in the office of the County of Monterey, California, and now on file and of record in said Office in Map Book One, Cities and Towns at page 2 therein.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND THE SEAL OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY, this 30th day of October 1930.

C. F. JOY,
Clerk.
By EDNA E. THORNE,
Deputy Clerk.
CHARLES CLARK,
Attorney for Plaintiffs
Date of First Publication, January 2, 1931.
Date of last publication March 6, 1931.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Carmel
Monte Verde St., one block north of Ocean Ave., bet. Fifth and Sixth
Sunday Service ..... 11 a. m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting ..... 8:00 p. m.
Reading Room
Open Afternoons —12 to 5
Except Sundays and Holidays
(Public Cordially Invited)

ALL SAINTS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Monte Verde St., South of Ocean Ave.
Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector
Sunday Services
8 a. m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a. m.—Sunday School
11 a. m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon
All Are Cordially Invited

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
(Lincoln Street)
The
Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw
Minister
MORNING WORSHIP
at 11:00 A. M.
Graded School at 9:45A . M.
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		Price Each	Price Per Pair			Price Each	Price Per Pair
30 x 3½		$ 4.39	$ 8.54	5.00-19	[29x5.00]	$ 6.98	$ 13.60
4.40-21	[29x4.40]	4.98	9.60	5.00-20	[30x5.00]	7.10	13.80
4.50-21	[30x4.50]	5.69	11.10	5.25-20	[30x5.25]	8.30	16.10
4.75-19	[28x4.75]	6.65	12.90	4.75-20	[29x4.75]	6.75	13.10
4.50-20	[29x4.50]	5.60	10.90	6.00-21	[33x6.00]	11.65	22.60

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Saved by Holman's

The scream of the fire siren burst upon the peace and quiet of a Carmel midnight. Householders stirred in their beds. Some, roused from sleep, ran to the window to scan the horizon for the telltale glow. Presently the fire engine shot screeching down Ocean Avenue and turned south

With a suddenness that almost threw the driver out of his seat, the engine came to a stop beside an excited group. As Chief Robert Leidig jumped to the ground, flames burst from the smoking roof of a two-story dwelling. In a jiffy the fire laddies had run the hose out. In another the engine was pumping all of its guaranteed gallons per minute

A representative of the PINE CONE darted back and forth in the crowd, making hurried notes whenever anyone took the trouble to answer his questions. Twenty minutes of well-directed attack, and the fire was under control. The reporter got into his car about to drive off—groping in his mind for a feature that would magnify a small blaze in Carmel into news for a string of dailies he represented. He was about to start his engine when the remark of a bystander caught his attention.

"They'd uv all been burned to death if it hadn't been for—"

That was all he heard. "Who said that?" he called.

No answer.

He jumped out of the car and went in search of the speaker, but already the crowd had swallowed him. Cursing his luck for almost overlooking a rescue story, he returned to his task with energy—asking all within earshot if they had heard of a rescue story. No one had heard of any.

"There's Mrs. Hayes who lives in the house," said a bystander, pointing to a woman in a bathrobe. The reporter accosted her.

"Would you mind telling me, Mrs. Hayes, to what you owe your escape from the flames?"

"T—To Holman's Department Store—" she gulped.

"Surely you don't mean that, Madam—" he said quietly.

"Oh—but I do—"

"Please tell me about it—" he begged, hoping for a few crumbs of news even from a woman out of her mind.

When she could control herself Mrs. Hayes began

"You see—when Jack and I were married—" she said—"we couldn't afford to have children. But we both loved little folks and I did a heap o' figuring. A Holman ad I saw in the paper started me shopping at the big department store in Pacific Grove. I found that I could save money on just about everything I bought over there. I put what I saved in the bank. When it amounted to a tidy sum I showed my pass book to Jack, and told him we could now afford to have children. He was as pleased as I, after he'd figured it out and saw I was correct. Our first baby was a boy named Bobby—"

"But—Mrs. Hayes—" protested the reporter, impatient for news— "What on earth did Holman have to do with saving you from the flames tonight!"

"He had a lot to do with it!" she retorted. "If it hadn't uv been for Holman's low prices we couldn't uv afforded Bobby—and it was Bobby who woke us up and told us the house was on fire!"

Moral: It's easy to live within the family budget if you take advantage of Holman's low prices. That's why

It's fun to shop at Holman's

You'll find everything you need for family and home under one roof in Pacific Grove